sea. I think H.BS letters come off very well, though. I believe these scraps of him will whet the public appetite for more. But do be careful about letters; for one thing they break up the narrative so abruptly, that to use them without good reason is a danger.

Then what about libel? Have you considered for example the Bensons? Page 29 a. that joke about a bachelor and no saint might (I dont know the old buffer) make him crusty. But this is only remembering Christbel.

Well, I doubt that Ive much of point to say. I read swimmingly and dashingly after the first. And I think it is a gallant start; and now youre in full cry. So go ahead. Aim I should say at continuity, avoid tempting bye paths--I say this, and then half wish to unsay it. Because the longer I live the less I think one person can amend the ways of anoehter; and the more I believe that the soul of writing only issues when the person is open and at full pressure; and at full pressure she must let fall some small inconveninecs and oddities. Thats in fact why I never show my own MSS to any one; and only let L. read them when theyre hard and fast finished.

I'm sending the MSS to morrow. but will post this now, so as to stop your imperious maw.

V.

Elizabeth more farcinating. like an old 18th century memoirwn. the other night- and not an astronomer as well!

Dec 9. 1932,

Sunday.

Return, with apologies the article. Used
to know L. H. years ago. a mild
Unstrung youth. It's a little
mild & Unstrung, but with meaning—
his article. Why is all writing
about music & most about painting
such Jerrold cackle? Not
that it as bad as fiction usually.
Whatelse! Oh the name of the book.
We are both in favour of "As
time went on" "The other"
seems to me clumsy. What the
advantage of recalling the other book
as come.
Couldn't you Compromise — then: —

NYPL

Ticket paper

Dec

As time went on
a sequel to
Impressions that Remained.

—

having only As time went on, on the back.

I've been rather up to my nose & over my
Eyes this last week — foreign visitors sent
by friends — why do friends do this
Particularly act, for which there is no
remedy, short of hurting feelings? — &
on top of that, Roger Fry's family have
asked me to write a life of him:
what am I to say? There are
masses of private papers, letters, &c:.
I've agreed to write a whole big life:
but promised to read through the papers —
& if I can do something later &
Regretted. But — oh dear what a
time it'll all take — what delightful
Time it'll be! do by patient work
the poor donkey Virginia. Madame Okampo
the South American writer was a great friend of
Anna de Noailles

ROTA 2.4.63

Monday 17th Dec 1934

Excuse typing, but Ive been writing all the morning

and my hand is shaky.

To begin with, I'm a little doubdtful whether I ought

to give any opinion, so glibly, on these fragments;
because one gets the whole book out of proportion;
and I'm not at all sure that I'm saying anything to the
point. But on reading again, I still feel
heres a high light; theres a dark spot; but what
makes the fabric in between? I think it may be
that youre writing for your 'petit clan' and therefore
they fill in whats not so clear to us outsiders.
I mean, you xxxxxx lay so much emphasis upon Lady
Ps. 'violence'. You give sevral instances of it.
Then you say 'the very greatest of great ladies' —
I cant make the connection. Ive got her fixed in my
mind as one of those sublime tyrants who stick at
nothing; how can I combine this with great ladyhood?
K I read on; but find no anecd otes or anlysis to
confirm this statement. S o with her intelligence.
She read French literature you say; but again, all
the emphasis is laid upon her short way with impos
tors. I cant fit in a keen critical intelligent
relfcetive mind. Then her astonshining kindness;
here, if you consult yo r MS, you will see that you
yourself give it. up. One cant touch on this side
of her you say or words to that effect. And then quote
qhat I have the imperteinence to think a very feeble
shop soiled specimen of dear "aggies
(139) unaryiculate a dmiration of her mothers good heart.
(How watery she is compare with your vigour)
Thats the gist of what I feel. Its a most vigir us
and spirited portrait; but only of a an outl ine.
You ll say you cant give more in the space. That may
be true. But I do feel that you have rubbed in one
side to the exclusion of what must have been
another side, or indeed several sides, if Lady P.
was, as Ive always heard, the very remarakable woman
she was. Here I must qualify though. For I dont shre-
share your natural admiration for sheer violence.
A little of that pulling up of stakes and scene makin
goss a long way with me. So many of the well bred
and well fed have it. Yet I doadmxxxxx admire it; and
admire and welcome your picture of this indomitable
heathen woman. What about quoting a few letters
from her, They often shed a whole cuttle fish
bag of suggestion, even when theyre not in themselves
remarkable. You see I want shades and half lights .
But dont mistake me; I think its very brilliant
as far as it goes. And I repeat--my own view is so
pa rtial, I dont much trust it.

Rote 2. V. 63

As for the little joke about the Sickert, I'm really ashamed now to explain it. Also its faded. I cant remember my own motives. But as you sat talking that night, about your lunch, Maurisse Dina, &c.—
I was thinking of my own relations with Roger.
And then you said something that made me feel you had no notion what a man he was--how he lived--
youd never read a word of him. And to me, he is among the finest of critics; and I kept saying to myself, Why does Ethel prefer the Barings and the Coopers of this world? Why is she so anti-Bohemian? And I then said; becauuse shes herself; and thats whats delightful and unique about her. Still, the little voice of the little clan kept chirping; and at last I maliciously thought, Well I'll test her. Ill give her my Sickert. Ill watch her face. She'll dislike the very thought of that old buffooon---yet hes to me the greatest painter living. But that wont count for anything with Ethel--compared with her Empresses and her Lady Ps. Besides, Ethel once said sharply, I detest being given presents. So'Ill rub it in; and say Here's a Christmas present for you. And then having lit the train I shall watch for the explosion.

But it was all very minute and wire drawn; merely wha one thinks when someone slese is talking

NYPL

— in fact by way of playing a tune on the bass.
I like to try to play tune while people are talking.. with a new bass the whole symphony

I'm sending back the separates tomorrow.

1935

IV

Monks Horton,

Tuesday 9th Jan. 1935

It is so cold I can't stretch out far
enough from the fire to get a
Kameleon sheet. I think this
one has been sat on by the
marmozet. I admit I've
been silent — oh but what a
Compliment to you that is!
Every day I polish off a crop of
nettles: never do I get any
letter (except from Working) of
pure appreciation. all the rest
implore, command, badger, worry.
Here's Lady Rhondda, here's
a man who wants a poet, a
woman wants a preface; —
Chad-d as Elizabeth Bibesco —

So we go round & round the prickly
bear - only Ethel remains undeterred, a
very Hay Stack of British oak.
It an age since I embarked my heart.
In the first place did I tell you
about the death of that dear bright NYPL
little - no rather heroic - Francis Barrett?
He had cancer of the brain, - I had to -
go & see him 2 or 3 times
after he knew he was dying: might
linger paralyzed, or die mad. And
did he show it? No, in spite of
being an atheist there he lay
Cracking his little jokes, with his face
paralyzed. But - what, my dear
Ethel, do you think it all means?
What would you have said to a
friend - 25 years I've known him -
dying at 45, full of love of
life, - just beginning to live?
And we both knew he was dying: &
what was there to say about it? Nothing

I feel like a dead blue sea agin all them
Deaths — can't feel anymore.

So to the Lotwells. The night
before coming here) met Orbert, who
said thous shud laugh! do ask her
when you see her, — did my father
propose to her? Because that the
family story. So I ask you — Did he?
And was that why he married
the woman who went to Person,
(thereby breeding O. & Edith &
Sashey — nor) think to the alternate
Story of the British tongue, Lord
or I am ay parts ay them.)
At the same time how happy we are
here! Cooking dinner; & walking —
oh what miles I've walked, right into
remote valleys; with a thorn tree, —
a stick. I always think the ice has
only melted off the downs a year or two
ago — the primeval ice. Its true, we had
smooth ice, green ice,

a children's party. I pushed the clothes. All the
mothers gaped, & I felt like — who? the man
in the bible — ? which by the way, I have
bought & am reading. And Renan. And
the New Testament: so don't call me
heathen in future. I'm pained, rather, NYPL
to use my grandmother's language, about
Vita & Gwen. I had a moment's
talk with Harold, & he hinted, & I hinted:
the upshot of it being he thinks V. has
grown very slack. So I said, the
sits in her red tower & — dreams?
when which he cocked his eyebrow & said
(That precisely sr. The views to
be argued but — Now this has taken me
3 mins. ¾ to write. And all the
MSS. remain unread And the fog is
blazing. And I shall sleep round. And
write in my new garden hut which looks
over the marsh: — did I tell you?
So raise your voice & thank me for this
now 10 minute letter: & look the
ink to you & reply.

V.

Rota 2.4.63

52 L S Wednesday Jan 23. 1935

Well, how have you? Castrated, no doubt, old cat? Gnawed the stamp of your pen shut? How well I remember the taste of pen holder. But this is a mere parenthesis. I forget where we left off. And I have 3½ mins: before settling down to read the Bible. Why did you never tell me what a magnificent book this is! And the Testament? — the Psalms! Every hour I spend with you from Paris makes me more jealous of the American who became your husband. Poor woman — the habit is much older than you. Poor woman — the habit And has hooked me for 2/6 an hour. I ape with you tolerably about death from Cancer: I forget how you said it: something about having a chance to die standing up. That is a very fine remark. I sometimes pray a thing that I

had the mind to say. But why am't I to come
when you, & yes, die? why? Aren't I
Cathedrals of Comfort? No — a mere reed,
floating along a regany stream, in your
view. And do you dont want to be mi-
sled; why do you always confound 'intelligence'
with Destructive criticism? Roger, who was
the most intelligent of my friends was NYPL
personally. ridiculously, perpetually creative:
Concoct me 2 matches, without making
them into a boat. That was the —
Secret of his Charm, Genius. Its
Comette grit that's got into your Eye
from meeting Peter Lucas here — a
prig & a pedant if ever there was one:
but a sweet prig: & a scholar he; the only
one. And you're always protesting &
self-curious, with your hackles pricked
about critics. But mayn't a Lady
Personally used to say. What a convenience this
to make your friends mean for me! Oh
I've been in such a howling dust storm —
To be alive, read the Bible — like drawing
into a dummy submarine hollow
between deep waves.
adieu V.W

Rota 2.4.69

What a comfort to think that nothing I could say or do would make you think better or worse of me.

Monks House

9th Feb: 1935 Rodmell

When a person sticks to the life in finishing a book, (like you) its no use pretending that they have bodies — souls. So far as the writer the world is concerned. They form the sickle side of the moon to world: the globe to the other. This profound psychological truth I'm so glad proved, now what in you, so dont write. One of these days our moons shall shine broad in Each others' face — when I come to working.

I forget where we left off. Oh yes Praed Collax; & now I have to be. But the trouble is that a woman whose soul has been Eaten away by the worm, has no surface one can cut into. So I cant tell my wretched little secret: